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No. 41.

SEE COMES NOT BACK.

BY HARRIS LADD.

With cheer the genial spring returns,
And buds unfold, and birds rejoice,
Yet the quick ear no music hears,
Sweet as the tones of her dear voice.

In dreams the lovers at my side,
With bright face my eyes are blest,
And the glad gift to day denied,
How soothes the fever of my rest.

I close her hand in mine, 'tis warm,
I look to her clear eyes and smile,
To feel again her world's deep charm,
Making my dream more than a dream.

Yet 'tis in sleep a strange career
Will thrill the heart with sudden pain,
And gloom becomes a sitting guest,
That time the gleams that cheer my brain.

Around the distant mountain's brow
Swift clouds in mass a deep fold
Shift their warm colors, ridged now
With many a state of morning gold.

The waters of the lake glide round
The green and lovely isle, and make
Upon the shore a murmuring sound
Where'er its dancing ripples break.

The tender buds burst into bloom,
And sunlight glimmers on the wave,
Yet not without a touch of gloom
It falls upon a sister's grave.

Not Maudslaw, fair and proud of mien,
Nor Champion's blue and clear expanse,
Floating around its islands green,
Filling the soul with soft romance.

Nor robin's song, nor trembling leaves,
Nor violets fresh from early showers,
Can win the heart from all its woes,
All it has prized in happier hours.

Grief makes its low and sad complaint
While we sit on the mountain slope,
And yet, though dimmed by sorrow's taint,
We dwell in trust on one sweet hope.

The grave cannot retain its dead—
He waits to our poor eyes through him.
We know we lose the tears we shed,
His children go in peace to him.

Yet oft our eyes sorrowfully turn
To the lone hill where his grave is hid,
For though spring's beauties flowers return,
Her place is void, she comes not back.

THE CYPER TELEGRAM!

By CHARLES MORRIS.

[This story was commenced in No. 36, Vol. LV. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXXI.—(CONTINUED.)

It was evidently the object of the villain to render their communications mysterious, even in the event of the cypher being read. But in the light of recent circumstances it was not difficult to guess their meaning, although the locality of "the crib" remained utterly unknown to Sedley, and its character unexplained.

Arrived at Vinfield he was ushered at once into the presence of Mr. Benton, who sat, as usual, in his easy chair, actively engaged in writing and other business details.

It seemed, however, as if his health was gradually failing under the influence of the paralysis, which had deprived half his body of life. His face was paler and was growing thin, while occasionally he gave evidence of being in pain.

He looked up inquiringly to Sedley as he entered, supporting himself with his hands on the chair arms.

"Good morning, Mr. Benton," said the operator, cheerfully. "I have two errands with you to-day. The first is to deliver you a telegraph dispatch which the Dover operator requested me to place in your hands, and as I was coming up this way."

Benton looked keenly at him.

"You are Mr. Sedley, I believe?" he said.

"Yes. I was in the Dover office when this telegram came in. The messenger was missing, and as I was coming up this way I volunteered to deliver it."

"I am obliged to you," said Mr. Benton, still keeping his eyes fixed on the operator. "But you say you had some other business with me?"

"It is this," replied Sedley, taking a sheet of paper from his pocket and handing it to Mr. Benton.

"To learn if you have discovered anything in relation to his missing papers."

"Why did he not call himself?"

"That I did not ask him. He may expect to be absent for some time."

"What is his address in Martinsville?"

"Black Street Hotel."

"You may send him word that I have found nothing, and do not expect to. I am more convinced than ever that the existence of those papers is a myth, and that he is an impostor."

"Is this latter information for my benefit, sir?"

"For the benefit of your friend. I wish him to know just how I regard his pretensions, and that I am not prepared to consider for a moment his preposterous claims."

There was a hard ring in his voice unusual with him. He was used for his severity of manner. But it was evident to Sedley that his softness was, in a measure at least, assumed, that his present hardness meant fight.

"All right, sir," replied Sedley, coolly. "It is a matter in which I have no

concern. I will acquaint him with your opinion, so long as you desire it. By the way, I expect to return immediately to Dover, and will take back an answer to your message, if you have any to send."

Mr. Benton looked at the envelope which he had retained in his hand. He now opened it and drew out the slip of paper it contained. He glanced at it covertly but keenly as his eye fell upon the writing, noticing a faint flush which appeared in his cheek, and instantly vanished.

Laying the paper on the table beside him he turned, saying:

"I will not impose on your good nature, Mr. Sedley. I am obliged to you, but may not have an answer ready for some time, and will send a servant in to call."

"Very well," said Sedley, rising and taking his hat. "I am in no hurry, though. I have an hour or two to kill, and have not yet read the morning news, so if it will accommodate you I will sit and look over the paper awhile."

"Thank you," replied Mr. Benton. "I will not inconvenience you. I will call myself of your office, if you know yet if any answer is needed. Do you prefer the Herald?"

"If you please," answered Sedley, taking the profuse paper.

He had but one eye for the news, however, another for his host. As Mr. Benton turned to the table, and lifted his hand from the chair arm to move the message, his visitor noticed a sudden flash of light from one of his fingers. He looked more closely. There was a gold ring on the third finger of the hand, with a clear stone in it, apparently a diamond. The thought came to Sedley's mind of the flash of light he had seen in the carriage on the night of the murder, and the supposition that it came from a diamond ring. He grew slightly pale at thought of the vital possibilities involved in Mr. Benton's wearing such a ring. He was aware of Lovelace's suspicions regarding this man.

His host, not dreaming of the dangerous thoughts roused in his mind, bent down over the message, apparently reading it with no great difficulty. He then turned again to the table, drew paper towards him, and carefully wrote a reply. This he placed in an envelope, which he sealed and handed to his visitor.

"If you will be kind enough to leave that at the office," he said, "I shall regard it as a favor."

"I will do so with pleasure," replied Sedley, again rising and concealing the sense of triumph which he felt.

"In regard to your acquaintance—for I may be wrong in terming him your friend—the would-be Lovelace, please send him my respects. Tell him I am sorry for his sake that I cannot hand him over the next little fortune he deserves. I hope he will get along comfortably without it, and enjoy his future position in life."

There was a peculiar tone in his voice that would have puzzled Sedley, but that he knew the contents of the message. It boded ill to Lovelace if the reply was in his hand, were sent.

He made his adieu short, anxious to get away, and master the momentous contents of the paper he held.

Not many minutes elapsed before he reached the secluded spot at which he had planned in his outward journey.

Without a moment's thought of the character of the act, thinking alone to save his friend and frustrate a villain, he tore open the envelope, and took out the paper it contained.

It was covered with a short message in the same operator, addressed to "Mr. Jacob Brown, No. 70 Miles Street, Martinsville, Ky."

With a gasp Sedley's experience in deciphering the secret character he soon turned it into readable English. It ran as follows:

"Your card cannot have any excuse. The cab must be muzzled. His teeth will grow if left loose. Plant the moulder under ground, and wait further advice. Keep your eyes wider open, and take care to get no more drunk than I. I will stand no more trifling."



THE SEARCH FOR THE SPARKS WAS REVERSED. IT WAS THIS TIME SUCCESSFUL.

"Well," said Sedley, drawing a long breath. "The shrewd rogue is determined that no writing of his shall be brought in evidence against him. This only has meaning to the initiated, but to me it is sufficient to prove him a murderer and a villain. Does he mean for them to murder and bury Lovelace? It looks like it. But to wait further advice seems as if the idea is to have him placed in some underground dungeon. My notion is that if the boy is once muzzled, as kindly advised, Jack Lovelace's life would not be worth the turn of a penny. Benton evidently has his confederate in his power, and intends to threaten them in case they mislead again."

He sat for some time lost in thought, carefully fingering the message. Then, hastily rising, and consigning it to his pocket, he strode rapidly towards the town.

Here he entered the office of Joel Brown, the lawyer. After a few words to two others of the prominent citizens were sent for, and a long consultation of some length ensued.

Sedley was in some doubt how to act under the circumstances, and laid all the facts that had come to his knowledge, with his inferences from them, before these persons.

They were parties who could be fully relied upon to keep the secret until the time came to divulge it.

Their surprise at his revelations reached the point of consternation. Mr. Brown had doubted the paralytic, but had not deemed that such evidence was accumulating against him. It was some minutes before they could register their mental powers sufficiently to give the matter calm consideration.

The conference ended in Sedley's leaving the office with a new message in cypher, substituted for that of Mr. Benton, and a general injunction of secrecy as to the subject of their consultation, and the further steps decided on between these persons.

Sedley handed the message to the Dover operator, saw it duly transmitted to Martinsville, and made the best of his way back to his own office at Melton.

CHAPTER XXXII.

OUT OF THE PRISON INTO THE FIRE.

Lovelace was thrust rapidly into a cell on the lower floor of the building, and the door locked upon him. The place was of midnight gloom, the small window letting in scarce a ray of light.

By feeling around the walls he found the room to be small and bare of furniture, with the exception of a small bedstead in one corner, which was fastened to the floor.

His next action was to examine his pocket, and learn what it was that the boy had so shrewdly introduced into that receptacle.

His arms had been freed from their bonds before he had been placed in the cell, his capers evidently thinking that the locked door would retain him.

His hand thrust into his pocket, grasped what he had partly expected, the bunch of skeleton keys which had always done such good service that night.

Along with these were some other articles which they had provided for their raid upon the asylum. These consisted of a small but effective screw-driver, and a watch-spring saw, which the party from whom they had purchased had secured them "would cut through the same as if it were cheese."

Fearing a return of his captors, Lovelace hastily removed these things from his pocket, and concealed them inside the hard straw bed, cutting a slit with his penknife large enough to thrust them in.

He was not a minute too soon. Hardly had he done the narrow slit, and seated himself on the outside edge of the bed, before the door opened and several of the keepers entered, one of them carrying a light.

"Now, my man," said the leader, in an authoritative tone, "get up. We want to see what you've got about you. Lovelace obeyed without a word, and submitted in silence to the close search to which they subjected him. They found nothing on him but a penknife, a couple of keys, and a pocketbook, all of which were taken. He had fortunately left the most of his money at the hotel, and in donning his rough clothes had changed nothing of value from his other pockets."

The bed was also partly lifted and looked under, but the hidden keys remained untraced.

"Well," said the prisoner, turning slightly to them, "do you think you are about done?"

"About," replied the man who had spoken before.

"And this is my room, I judge?"

"Then the sooner you take your ugly faces from it the better you will please the proprietor. The next time I want you I'll send for you. Take a foot's advice now and make tracks. You won't find me a quiet man if I get riled."

The men looked at each other as if hardly knowing what to make of their prisoner.

"Don't try to carry things with a high head here," said the spokesman roughly. "We've got straight jackets and iron collars to keep you in line. You'll have to keep a low profile, and other ways of curing troublesome customers that maybe you'd not like to try."

"I am deeply obliged to you for the information," said Lovelace, with affected politeness. "Allow me to express my obligations for this kind visit. You must go? Really? Oh, then I won't press you to stay any longer. Be sure and shut the door close after you. I can't bear drafts."

The men, without reply, left the room, looking significantly at each other. Lovelace heard one of them say, as they looked the door of his cell:

"Why the fellow is out of his head. He's come to the right place. I don't fancy that he will give us much trouble."

"I hope you will keep thinking so," said Lovelace, grimly to himself. "I will not stay here to trouble you longer than I can help, that's fixed. It won't do to try anything to-night though. They will be too wide awake."

Exhausted by the labor and mental worry of that eventful day, he cast himself upon the bed, and was soon fast in slumber as deep as if he was safely at home, instead of being locked within the walls of an insane asylum, with the future very dark and doubtful before him.

It was late the next morning before he woke, refreshed by his long sleep, in an active and daring frame of mind likely to give trouble ere long to his keepers.

The day was dreadfully long to him. He spent it in pacing the room, looking through the barred window, laying upon the bed, and in enjoying with full mind the plain but sufficient repasts brought him.

He also closely examined the lock of the door, trying his keys carefully, one by one, when the keeper outside signified that there was no one within hearing.

ing. In vain. It was too much for his skill.

But the lock, instead of shocking into the frame work, shot into an iron catch, that was fastened on by two strong screws.

Over these he worked for a full hour, his screw-driver, being too weak for the purpose. Finally, to his extreme delight, the screws started.

He screwed them half way out, to make sure of his power to remove them. Then he drove them in again, hid his instrument, and lay down to rest from his hard labor.

It was not far from midnight when he awoke, and when he returned to his deferred task. His impatience had been great since dark-ness had set in. But hope was much more active than fear in his mind. He was too young and enthusiastic to despair.

The noise of the house had been hushed for an hour. Dark stillness reigned supreme when he again attacked the screws. In a few minutes they were removed, the iron catch laid noisily on the floor, and the lock unloosed.

Securing his tools about him he stole from the open door, and along the passage, first removing his shoes, and slinging them over his shoulder.

With silent tread he stole on, step by step, along the passage, and up the flights of stairs. Twice he heard advancing steps, as of men patrolling the house, but no one came.

Once a man passed him, but he drew himself into a window niche, and was unseen in the faint light. He stopped finally at the remembered door, from which he had released Mary Browning the previous day.

This was a loud outcry, that continued, with the noise of rapid steps.

"The prisoner has escaped," was the cry that greeted their ears.

In a minute more it was followed by the announcement that their female prisoner had also escaped. And now a hideous uproar arose. The inmates of the asylum had been roused by the noise, and cries, groans, and yells everywhere rent the air.

Miss Browning, shuddered with dread as she clung helplessly to her protector, and almost shrieked aloud as a voice in their own cell, almost at their ears, gave vent to a startling cry of "Murder," a voice that made their blood curdle with horror.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A PUBLIC INSTITUTION VISITED.

The message sent by Joe Sedley to Jacob Brown, Martinsville, had been immediately preceded by a longer one to Mr. Fogg, in good King's English, detailing the main points discovered, and requesting him to immediately set a watch on the house to which the cypher message was directed.

If a person answering the description of "Jake" should appear, he was to be watched and followed. If any persons left the house, they were to be likewise followed, and all their movements noted.

Detective Fogg had been rather downcast by the ill-success of all his efforts, and his signal failure to unfold the several mysteries upon which he had been employed.

Learning by this telegram that other parties had been much more successful than himself in the investigation, his self-importance was still further diminished, and he applied himself to the task set him by others with a humility uncommon with him.

But there had been some delay in his receipt of the message, as he had been absent from the hotel on his arrival. The other message, then, had been delivered some time before he arrived within sight of the house to be watched.

His effort, therefore, proved unsuccessful. No one left the house. A half-grown girl approached and entered it after he had been an hour or two on the watch, but no other indications of life were observed.

At the end of a considerable period he was joined by Joel Brown, and another of the parties who had taken part in the late consultation at Dover. They had driven over immediately after his receipt of the message. Mr. Brown, not having sufficient confidence in the officer's ability to be willing to trust to him.

The message to Jake had been changed so as to prevent any hasty or violent action towards Lovelace pending their investigation, in order his release would have been expeditious. It, therefore, simply contained a direction to hold him until further orders, the balance of the message remaining unchanged.

One of them went to the telegraph office, and found that the cypher message had been delivered according to its direction, immediately after its receipt.

There was obviously no further use in watching the house. The girl observed had likely taken it to its destination. It was debated between them whether or not they should enter the house and force the inmates, if possible, to acknowledge to whom and at what place the message had been delivered.

But to this idea the officer strongly objected. The probability was that they would be misdirected, and an opportunity taken to put Mr. Jacob Brown on his guard. They might thus incur loss more than benefit their cause.

There was one person who must be aware of all they wished to learn, the boy, Tim Sparks.

He was likely to be yet somewhere in Martinsville, and would be able to tell them how entry to the "crib" had been effected, how he had escaped, and to guide them in their future efforts.

It was determined to search the whole city for him, and to give his description to the police authorities, that they too might be on the lookout for him. It was also deemed advisable to question these authorities closely about the dangerous classes of the city, their haunts and characters, to acquaint them with the object of their search, and learn if they could give them any useful information.

This was accordingly done, the detective attending to this duty, while the others searched the streets and alleys of the city in quest of the boy.

A long discussion ensued between the officer and the authorities, in which all the probable and improbable plans were described and considered. But no place could be hit upon that seemed quite likely to answer. The inmates of the Martinsville were well known, and they were of the opinion that the parties mentioned could not be concealed in the city without their having some knowledge of it.

"But does the name mean nothing?" asked the officer. "Who is this Jacob Brown?"

"We know no such party," was the reply. "There is no such person in Martinsville."

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to those gifted with beauty and personal

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THE BOUDOIR.

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In all matters that we have seen, the French girl is the most perfect. In her dress, in her manner, in her speech, in her looks, she is perfect. She is the only person who is not to be trusted. She is the only person who is not to be trusted.

One of the most perfect of all women, she is the only person who is not to be trusted. She is the only person who is not to be trusted. She is the only person who is not to be trusted.

For a little girl, she was one of the most perfect. She was one of the most perfect. She was one of the most perfect. She was one of the most perfect.

One of the most perfect of all women, she is the only person who is not to be trusted. She is the only person who is not to be trusted. She is the only person who is not to be trusted.

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THE RECONSIDERED VERDICT.

Some sixty years ago a case was tried at Chester, in England, before a judge of great ability and eminence, and a jury whose intelligence—beyond you shall hear.

In the preceding spring there had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire. There had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire. There had been a bad case of burglary at a farmhouse in Cheshire.

Weeks passed without any arrests being made, and people began to forget the burglary, until one day a man was taken up on suspicion of being connected with the case.

He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the coat and a pair of trousers of a man in the street. He knew nothing about the burglary, but had bought the coat and a pair of trousers of a man in the street.

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THE OHIO STATE BUILDING.

The different States are all now hard at work erecting their respective buildings, some of them being nearly completed, and all of them certain to be long before the opening day of the Exhibition arrives.



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The publishing house of Messrs. J. R. Lippincott & Co., Nos. 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia, is quite distinguished as the largest book establishment in the country.

The entire Lippincott Building, which is on the north side of Market Street, is a fine example of modern architecture. It is a fine example of modern architecture. It is a fine example of modern architecture.

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out of one of the buildings, that have been erected by the different States, is called because it is devoted chiefly to these State structures.



THE OHIO STATE BUILDING.

MESSRS. J. R. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

Publishers, Booksellers, Importers and Stationers, Philadelphia.

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PERSONALITIES.

There are here two little personalities, the one being a woman, the other a man, both of whom are well known to the readers of this paper.

The one of the two personalities is a woman, the other a man, both of whom are well known to the readers of this paper. The one of the two personalities is a woman, the other a man, both of whom are well known to the readers of this paper.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 1st inst., and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities.

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